## FAMILY AFFAIR.

# By HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PURSUED. For hours and hours Mrs. Miller remained blissfully ignorant of the fact that the wheels which were bearing her to her destination bore also sorrow and ruin in the person of Maurice Hervey. The fellow-travelers did not confront each other until the next morning, and when the through train was well out of Paris. Sarah, indeed, had been all but invisible since she boarded the Dover and Calais boat. The crossing had been a rough one, and rea-sickness claims precedence with the mind the most preoccupied. Sarah had suffered much, and as soon as she found herself in the smooth-going train had sought forgetfulness of her woes in sleep. Hervey, who had no wish to precipitate matters by an untimely revelation of his presence, had also effaced himself

from general observation. But some time after the train bad left the Paris and Lyons station Saraa opened the door of her comfortable compartment and in the narrow gangway of the train came full upon Maurice Hervey. He was smoking and watching the flying landscape through the glass windows at the side of the narrow passage. He turned, looked at Sarah, and laughed in cruel merriment as he saw her gaze of horrified surprise.

"You!" she gasped. "You have followed "Every step since you left my humble

aboda my d ar Sarah. She turned away and re-entered the compartment she had left. Hervey followed her, and with a laugh threw himself down people were alone,

It was typical of the man's cruel nature enjoyment to the torture which he meant to inflict upon the woman during those hours of travel, by forcing upon her the presence which he knew so unwelcome.

"Oh, yes, Serah," he said jeeringly; "I followe! you, and I shall never leave your side until you lead my to my beloved wife. It's ac good thinking you can give me the slip To save trouble I may tell you I know you are going to Munich. What a clever woman you are, Sarah, I am so much o liged to you."

She wrung her hands convulsively, then covered ber face and mouned. She had p. to I, as she thought, for the best, but this man's craft had oversome her. Her mistress was to be made to suffer, and through her. Through the one who would willingly sacrince body and soul to save her from pain!

Don't be sulky, Sarah," said Hervey. "The game's up now; you may as well give Here, make yours of useful and fill my pipe I can't use this confounded right arm

She took no notice of his request, but presently she raised her head and looked at

"Be warned," she said in low tones. "Once more I say, be warned in time. Leave this train at the next station. Fly while von can

He laughed scornfully. "Now, is it like To Ff. Law said.

She made no further appeal. She sank back into stony silence, and from that time no remark, no question, no taunt of the man's could draw a word from ber thin lips. Hour af er bour went by and Sarah Miller sat in her corner motionless and silent as a statue.

But her thoughts! Her thoughts were busy enough. her brain. They changed and shifted from incoherence to systematic arrangement and back again to incoherence. Through all the jumble the one fearful truth shone out distinctly. She was taking this man to ber

she first caught sight of Hervey's hateful form. Her hands were hot; her veins seemed full of fever, and now and again a mist seemed to close round her, from which she emerged only to see once more the cruel face of her termenter. So the hours went

Hervey had food sent into the carriage. He also consoled himself at short intervals with brandy and water. He bought cigars, smoked them, and grumbled at their badness. Sometimes he rose, walked out into the gangway and stretched his legs, but he kept a keen watch on the woman. Not a second time would be fail from lack of vigilance. For amusement he now and again taunted his companion, and his jeers, apparently unnoticed, drove her to the verge of desperation. Her hands grew hotter, her pulses beat with florcer rapidity.

The sun sank; the twilight died away; the lamps were lit. Every hour, every moment brought grief neaver and neaver to Beatrice. Long before enother sun rose the train would be at Munich. The thought maddened the white-faced woman.

Shortly after the train left Stuttgart the steward looked in and in broken Eng-Lsh suggested that the beds should be pre-Mrs. Miller shook her head, and signified that she had no wish to retire to rest. Hervey ordered more brandy and also declined the proffered couch. The steward wished that he could have the retusal of one of those unmade couches and the time to occupy it, shrugged his shoulders, and withdrew. The travelers were once more alone. In less than five hours the journey would be at an end.

Suddenly a wave of inspiration flooded the poor woman's harassed brain. An inspiration which made all things clear as day. A strange brilliancy shone in her eyes. In a flash she saw, or believed she saw, to what end these things were leading. God's hand

Had she not dreamed a dream in which Maurice Hervey figured! Had she not persuaded herself when she first saw him that she had seen written in his face that his days were numbered? Was she not suresure as she was of her own eternal condemnation-that God meant Beatrice to taste happiness as well in this world as in the next! The hour of deliverance was at hand. The inspiration which had told her that her errand would be crowned with success was not that of a lying spirit. God was at work. Hervey had been led to take this journey; to break the promise he had made; and thereby accept the fate foreshadowed by the fearful words to which his finger had fortuitiously pointed. This journey, begun in craft and in defiance of God's warning conveyed through herself, would pever be ended. She, by the light of her wild faith, read the Divine purpose plainly as if it was written in letters of fire.

If the line of demarcation between fanati ism and madness in the poor woman's brain was not by now entirely obliterated, had grown faint, blurred and indistinct She was hovering on the verge of insanity, and the method which sometimes lies in madness was at work and supplying the loss of the reasoning faculties. Now that the truth had come to her, now that she knew by inspiration why this man had been permitted to trace and follow her and for a while enjoy his triumph, she found herself speculating and wondering how and by what means the interposition of the Divine hand would be shown. She waited for the

moment when, from some apparently earthly cause, the cup of triumph would be dashed from his lips. She waited and waited, and although the hours passed without a sign, never wavered in her belief that even at the last moment deliverance would

be brought about. Once or twice she turned and looked at her companion, and by the same strange fancy which had before seized her, persunded herself that the something which she imagined she saw in his face and which betokened approaching death, grew more and more distinct. She felt no pity for the man; nor would she have dared to attempt a second warning; but she gazed on him with a kind of awe, raised by the thought that in a brief space of time this wretched creature would be lying in the place appointed for him, lying there, and to lie there, forever, and ever, and ever!

Her madness, if it may be called madness. deepened as the time passed by. After all, in spite of its claims to superiority, the mind is but the slave of the body. The yoke may be thrown aside for a while, but sooner or later its pressure becomes apparent. Fatigue and want of food were, with Sarah Miller, completing what distress had begun. Yet to herself it seemed that she had never seen things clearer, never reasoned more cogently than at this moment when her brain was taxed beyond endurance.

How would God act! Would He strike this

man dead as he sat there! Would something frightful happen! Would the train be overturned! As this question exercised her, every jolt as the wheels passed the points sent a thrill through her and made her fancy the moment was at hand.

This could not be the appointed method. Merciless as her creed taught her to believe the One to whom she prayed, her sense of justice for bade her to suppose that many other lives must be sacrificed for the on the sent nearest to the door. The train sake of destroying Maurice Hervey. She was not full, and the compartments were must wait patiently and in faith, not anticismall ones, so it happened that the two pate God's purpose. But the time was

growing very short! Suddenly she turned and knelt on the that he looked forward with feelings of keen floor of the carriage. She offered up a prayer that things might be made clear to her; that her agony of suspense might be brought to an end. Hervey watched her and laughed aloud.

"Quite right, Sarah," he said, "Never neglect your religious observances. I am



Quite right, Sarah," he said. " Never neglect your religious observances."

afraid you can't pray yourself out of this

situation; but there's no harm in trying." The sound of his voice gave another and a fresh turn to her thoughts. At that moment her prayer was answered and everything grew clear. The clouds which troubled her rolled away, or it may be, closed round her to break no more.

She shivered, and still kneeling, turned her face to the speaker. Her look for a moment startled him in spite of the contempt No food had passed her lips since she left be felt for her religious vagaries. And well London. All desire to eat had left her when it might startle him. it might startle him.

Now she knew all. She knew why sha had lived. She knew to what she was predestined. Cycles ago this moment had been decreed. It was she whom God had appointed to remove this man from the path which led one of elect to bappiness. The belief that ages and ages before she was born, her place, not only in this world, but also in the next had been irrevocably fixed the terrible conviction that she was one of the many doomed by God's will to eternal torture, a fate which not the prayers of a lifetime, or the conduct of a saint, could avert or in the slightest degree mitigate; this fearful belief closed round her like the walls of a prison from which there is no escape, from which death itself there is no release. How in such a state of mind could she turn with feelings of love and adoration to the Supreme Being Who had doomed her to such unutterable woe! No, she could fear Him, tremble before Him, abase herself at His feet, pray her wild hopeless prayers, but such love as she had to give was fain to bestow itself upon an earthly object, and for the want of a better that object was

Beatrice. Even as Jael, even as Judith, had their mission so had she, Sarah Miller, a mission equally terrible, that of slaving a man whom God had doomed. With her brain flooded, permeated by this one fearful thought, the woman rose from her knees and resumed ber seat.

Everything, she fancied, with her mind bewildered in reality, yet to herself seem-ingly clear, pointed to the carrying out of this decree of destiny. The solitude, the night journey, even the man's half-belpless condition were but details of a settled scheme. The opportunity was here, only the way and the means were wanting. These in good time would be vouchsafed to her. She would be shown how she, a weak woman, was to take the life of a strong

Little did Maurice Hervey, as from the ffects of fatigue, cigars and brandy he sat half dosing in the corner of the compartment, dream what thoughts were passing through the mind of the woman near him. To him she was nothing more than an addie-headed sort of creature, who once upon a time had done a great deal towards bringing him to ruin; an act for which he rightly

believed he was now paying her in full. How was she to do it! Time was passing, and yet the path was not yet pointed out. See, the man's eyes were closed! Had the moment come! If she had a knife she might even now drive it into his heart! But she had no knife; had nothing which would serve her need, or rather God's need. Suddenly she remembered, as one remembers a dream, that hours and hours ago she had seen a fellow passenger opening a hag, and had noticed on the top of that hag a pistol. Had she I cen allowed to catch sight of the weapon for the purpose which she was deputed to carry out! If so, where was that pistol, and how could she get it into her mands! She rose, and without any settled object, passed Hervey and stepped out into

Her movement awoke him. He put his head through the door and watched her as a cat watches a mouse. Sarah went the length of the long carriage, but found nothing to guide her to her end. Every door was hermetically sealed. It seemed as if she and her companion were the only perms awake. The only sound heard was the

ceaseless rush of the train as it tore its way on and on through the night.

The woman returned and resumed her seat. The means had not yet been given her. A phantom of common sense also flitted through her mind. If she killed this man in such a manner it meant arrest and trial of herself. It meant shame and exposure to her loved mistress. No, she must wait yet a while. God had not yet spoken the last word; not yet shown the exact way in which His work was to be done. Yet her belief never swerved, never wavered;

Or not until she knew that the end of the long, dreary journey was close at hand; not until a kind of instinct told her that in a few short minutes Munich would be reached. Hervey, whom necessities had deprived of the means of telling the time, was still sleeping his wakeful and suspicious dog's Suddenly the long, shrill whistle sounded. The man started up, wide awake, and for the first time for hours a doubt as to her true reading of God's purpose flashed through Sarah Miller's brain. The time was so short. There was so much-so much to be done. The way was still in darkness. Would the last few moment light it up? She clenched her hands convulsively, dig-

ging the nails of one into the flesh of the other. She glanced once more at Hervey's face which, from his fatigue looked pale and wan. She rose, and mechanically, like one in a dream, stepped out of the compartment into the dimly lighted gangway. Hervey followed her.

Without knowing why or wherefore, she walked the whole length of the carriage. In a dazed way she opened the door at the end and stepped out into the open air. Hervey followed her and the door closed behind them, and the man and the woman stood alone on the iron platform which lies between one carriage and its forerunner.

The train had not yet slackened speed. Its wild rush still whipped the naturally calm air into a flerce gale. The woman's dark hair, which had become untwisted, streamed behind her in elf locks. A tall black figure, with a white, a death-white face and burning eyes, staring fixelly at the destination to which the train was burrying her, as fixedly as her mind was turned to the work which she yet believed she was doomed to execute.

The night was cloudy and moonless. Some way ahead, a little to the right, the lights of the great cuv lit up the dark sky. It was on these lights that Sarah Miller's eyes were fixed, her lips the while muttering man lible

For a few moments Hervey stood in silence by her side. Then he spoke, "It's no good, Farah, you can't give me the slip. I'll follow you everywhere. Be a sensible woman for once, and don't give me more bother.

She spoke, but not in answer to his words, "That glare! that red glare!" she cried, in a thrilling voice. "Look at it! Look at it well! Do you know what it means to you and to me?"

Before he could reply she answered her own question. "It is the red glare of hell," she cried in still wilder accents. "The glare of the fire which barns for you and for me. The shrick! Hear the shrick of the damned!" Once more the whistle sent its piercing scream of warning far on the night air; and in another moment the strong brakes would have fallen on the great wheels. Hervey, really startled by his companion's wild bear ing, turned to her savagely.

"Here, no nonsense!" he said roughly. These were the last words he spoke. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the woman threw berself upon him. Her arms clasped him with the strength of freuzy. Her weight threw him off his balance. He staggered backwards. He made one wild grab with his uninjured arm at theiron rail, missed it, and most likely could not have held it had be caught it, then slipped down the three or four iron steps, and, with the woman's arms still holding him, the two fell with a fearful thad on to the six-foot way. His cry, if he had time to raise one, was lost in the rush of the train and the shrick of the steam-whistle. All was over in a secondthe train was speeding on, leaving behind it a dark mass lying between the up and the down lines. At the very last moment the way had been made clear to Sarah Miller. Even as she fell with her victim her one thought was of frenziel joy that she had found the means to do God's work.

For a minute or two after the last carringe of the train had swept by, that black mass lay motionless in the six-foot way. Then part of it began to show signs of life. Slowly and painfully the woman detached herself from her victim. She rose to her knees, and remained there staring fixelly at the white face that looked up to her own. Her frenzy for the moment had passed and she scarcely knew what had happened or what she had done.

She was unburt. The man had struck the ground first, and so borne the brunt of the shock. His head had fallen heavily on the ballast of the line, and he lay without sease or motion. Was he dead!

This, when her disjointed and scattered thoughts were once more able to resume the terrible kaleidescopic pattern into which fanatic.sm bad shaken them, was the one question asked by the woman. She felt for be moment no remorse, no borror, but the dread seized her that her hand might have failed; that the work might not yet be done; that she had not fulfilled her destiny. She bent over the prostrate man and placed her cheek close to his lips.

He breathed! She felt the faint breath

on her cheek! She laid her hand on his heart and felt its pulsations, slowly distinct. She sprang to her feet with a sharp cry of distress. She had failed! Hervey was alive and would recover. The work had not been done!

She peered wildly into the darkness. She scarcely knew for what she looked. A large stone, a piece of iron, anything which would show her that the hand which had guided her so far on the fearful road of fate had not deserted her; but she found nothing. absolutely nothing which could serve her

But suddenly, away along the down line she saw a round red light creeping apparently nearer and nearer. Her heart leaped at the sight. To the uttermost bitterest end the way was clear. The final word had gone forth, the final revelation was made to ber. She placed her hands under the man's shoulders, and by an effort of strength, desperate and far beyond what might have been expected from her frame, dragged him over the few feet of roadway which lay between him and the metals. He groaned once or twice, but remained senseless and motionion as she placed him right in the

The red light was close -close at hand. but the man lay still and recked nothing of it. The woman having accomplished her ghastly work, wound her black shawl tightly round her head, then fell upon her knees, waited, and lived an age in every moment.

She beard, through the muffling, the rush she felt on her hands the wind of the metal monster as it swept by ; but she heard or felt no more. She rose and shuddered convulsively; then, without a glance to see what her hand had wrought, stepped over the line, down the steep embankment, and was lost in the night. She had done what she believed to be her appointed task. No longer would Maurice Hervey stand be-

tween Beatrice and happiness! The poor wretch was almost cut in two. The wheels which had crushed the life out of him were those of an engine on its way to pick

up trucks on a siding some way flown the line. The driver felt the slight obstruction, and having marked the spot where it occurred, upon his return stopped the train and knew what had caused that momentary jolt, knew that a man's life had, in that second, passed away.



She placed him right in the track of the coming train.

The body was picked up, placed in a truck, taken to the Munich station, and thence to the place appointed for the reception of the hodies of unknown men who meet with a sudden or violent death.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII. "I AM MAD."

If by any chance Beatrice, who certainly had trouble enough to make her wakeful, had risen with the dawn of the morning which followed the tragely, and looked out of her casement she would have seen a sight which would have caused because surprise. She would have seen Sarah Miller, whom the opposite side of the street, utter despair and anguish written in every lineament, bidding the object, the dearest on earth, an called upon to eat and drink. eternal farewell-eternal because even the consoling hope of a meeting in some future earlier watches of the night, had been awake sun was high. Perhaps it was well for her

The poor self-appointed instrument for working the divine will had, after she left the outskirts of Munich, aimless y and hopeagony of mind she endured. But it was not, as might be supposed, the agony of remorse. It was agony at the thought of the further sacrifice which such sense as still was hers told her she must make, in order that the desired and predestined results might follow the act of the night.

She was mad and she was not mad. On what may be called the religious side of the question, her mind, as may be guessed from her dee is, was gone past redemption. It may be that this had been her true state for years; ever since she had accepted as true the inexcrable logic of creed which she had spite of her conviction that she had but price, would not compensate for one third partly been taught, partly framed for herself. The tire may have been burning for look upon the spot where she had knelt on the hoppers alone' hence farmers as a matter very giving new and again transient flashes. years giving now and again transient flashes, and only waiting for certain circumstances to fan it to a consuming flame. The fierce burst was now over, but the fire would burn and not seain be bidden until it had devoured life as well as reason.

She had killed, murdered this man in all but cold blood. Apart from the horror attendant on the actual execution of the crime. a horror which began to haunt her and be ever with her, she felt no poignant misery, no maddening regret. In her wild, disjointed way she immented, not the man's death, but the fact that she had been chosen to bring it about. She lamented it even as Judas might have lamented the hard fate which, in order that prophecy might be fulfilled, singled him out, and decreed that he should betray his Masier. And, if it be true that a providence saves and slays, who shall say that the woman's mad reasoning was unsound?

On the other side, the material side, Sarah Miller was, as yet, sane, or nearly so She could look forward, plan, and even carry out. And the anguish which racked her mind was the home-coming of the truth, that her act must part her and her mistress for ever. Here was the crowning sacrifice. Here was, perhaps, the earthly punishment. Never again to gaze into that dear face; never again to hear that loved voice; never again to be near her to minister to her wants, to aid her, scheme for her, and, if needs be, sin for her. Never to see her in the happiness which had been so dearly bought. Here was the sacrifice! It must be made, and she must find strength to make it, and skill to insure its being of use.

To see her mistress, to meet her even once more would be to ruin all. Sho must never knew whose hand it was bore her freedom. She would never suspect that her servant had been the means of cutting the knot which it seemed no earthly power could undo. Ah, no earthly power could have undone it.

So when at last the morning broke gray, and trees and other objects loomed phantomlike and unreal through the mist, Sarah Miller planned and schemed, seeking the way to insure what she had se dearly bought. All her thoughts reached one end. She must fly far, far from the spot. Beatrice must never hear of her again; never know that she left London. If her proximity to the dead man became known the truth might be guessed and all be lost.

Yet before she went she must see the house in which her darling lived. She must stoop and kiss the doorstep on which those loved feet had trodden. She must waft her one passionate and unbeeded fare well, then leave the place and be as one dead.

She struggled against the desire, but it overcame ber. With the first streaks of daylight she entered the sleeping city, and, utterly worn out, steod before her mistress' window, and for a while watched it as one might watch the last fading ray of a sun which has sunk never again to rise, and lighten the darkness which shall be eternal.

At that early hour of the morning the street was silent and deserted. There was no one to notice the strange looking creature who stood and, with wild despair in her eyes, for ever gazed on one spot. Her look for the time was such that no one, not even the one most preoccupied with his own concerns, could have passed her without feel-ing his curiosity raised as to why she was lingering there, and what gave her that ap-

pearance of dire distress.

After some minutes spent in this manner the woman crossed the road. Her limbs dragged after her and made her exhausted state apparent. She leant her head against the door of the house which held her mistress and sobbed convulsively. A dizzy feeling came over her, and she felt that she was upon the point of fainting and falling senseless on the doorstep. By a supreme effort

stupor. If once she sank down her weary limbs might rebel and refuse to do her bidding. She might lie there until her presence was discovered, and that discovery ruined No, if she were to sink and perhaps die, let it be as far away from Beatrice as her waning strength could carry her. Sweet as it would be to breathe her last within reach of her mistress, even such poor comfort



A dizzy feeling came over her. It speaks volumes for the iron strength of her will, insomuch that it struggled with and overcame, not only the woman's physical fatigue, but also the craving for one glimpse of Beatrice which chained her to the spot. She tore herself away, and without once looking back forced her tired limbs to bear her to a considerable distance. Here isfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents she found a quiet doorstep on which she sat unmolested, sat and fought against her exhaustion, until such time as she would be able to procure food.

It was not long before, slowly, little by little, unit by unit, the city began to awake. ing the engine to a threshing machine at Here and there the shutters went down from work on a farm south of that town, suddena shop, and at last the weary woman saw by broke and the engineer was badly hurt she believed to be in England, stanling on all but facin; her a baker's window. She on one hand by the broken piece. He entered the shop, bought some bread and became terribly enraged, and selzing one begged a glass of water. Not for her own of the men who he thought was respongazing at her mistress' window like one sake, but for the sake of another, she was sible for the accident, threw him into the

state is absent. But Beatrice, who, in the She crept through the streets until she reached the railway station. Here she as for hours with her sorrow, slept on until the cortained at what time the next train for the west would s'art.

She had a long time to wait. She hid nerself in one corner of the waiting room, and certain cure in Dr. King's New Discovery for sat like a statue. But her brain was burnthe scene of her dark work, wandered about ing and her pulse throbbing. A strange sound, a flerce rushing sound, was ever in lessly. Had it been broad daylight, and had there been persons to see her, an occasional stifled mean and a wringing of the hands would have been all that showed the fierce light, red like blood, and drawing nearer and nearer.

But in spite of all this she was able to she had found the strength to bear her so far; able to pray that her strength might farms from year to year; and thus are allowlast until she once more stood in London, ing the insects and vermin to increase and Then all would be safe. No matter what destroy a very large percentage of their became of her then. The work was finished, what did the future of the tool matter?

out of the magnificent station, the woman wight easily be averted. All the game veiled her face with her black shawl. In killed the past year, at the highest market executed a pre-ordained task, she dar d not of the oats destroyed this year by the grassfaster and faster, the rushing sound grew on their premises. stronger, and the flerce red light shone redder, fiercer and nearer.

Save for such inquiries as the exigency of the journey forced her to make, and such wiltes: "My wife has been almost helpless for speech as was necessary to procure the food five years, so helpless that she could not turn and drink which nature absolutely demand- over in bed alone. She used two bottles of ed the woman spoke no word curing that long journey back. Except that now and she is able now to do her own work. again she pressed them to her brow, in a vain endeavor to stop the wheels which whirled in her brain, her thin hands were for ever clasped beneath her dark shawl. She gat and stared into vacancy. How could she close her eyes when doing so at once brought the red light before them?

Time, lay before her.

The long journey by land, the shorter journey by sea, passed like a protracted yet know was that she was speeding on to London. At last the sound of English voices, the sight of English taces, told her

her final preparations. She searched her pocket, and tore into small bits every piece of paper it contained, so that no written word could te left to give clew to her identity. Last of all she drew from an envelope a photograph of Beatrice. She gazed at it long and passionately, and then, with a deep sigh, tore it across and across, and threw the pieces to the winds. She dared not even keep this poor relic of her darling.

London at last! Sarah Miller stepped from the train, and once more stood on the platform which she had quitted rather more than three days before. It was now past 8 o'clock in the morning. Whither should she turn. She stood besitating and bewil-

There was one thing more which she had settled to do. What was it? Oh, those wheels, those wheels, will they never stop! She pressed her fingers to her temples, and strove to recall what resolution had slipped from her mind.

Ab, now she remembered what it was Her money, she must get rid of that. She had no further need of money, now that she had reached the final goal. In her pocks: were both German and English coins. She collected them, and creeping stealthily to the box which stands awaiting contributions for some, doubtless, very deserving charity, she dropped in every coin that was upon her person. This done, she believed there was nothing left which could in any way show who she was or whence she came.

She passed out under the archway, a solitary, dark robed figure with a head bent as in grief. She passed from the gastly white mare of electric lamps into the all but deserted Strand. She walked some way up the Strand, then, without any definite aim, turned to the right and by and by found herself on the embankment. Still she wandered on until she reached

Waterloo bridge. She went half way across it, then stopped short and gazed over the parapet into the river. But no thought of self-destruction had entered into her head. although the red light was still before her eyes, the wild rush still sounding in her ears. and those fearful iron wheels in her brain circling more rapidly than ever. No, the river had but for her the attraction which a smooth, calm, peaceful stream has for all who are in deep distress. So she looked and looked; even craned over the parapet to peer into its somber, placid depths. At that moment a blinding light flashed upon her eyes and a hand grasped her

shoulder. "Now none of that nonsense," said a sharp voice-the voice of a policeman who had seen her dark form against the stonework of the bridge. The woman turned ber face to his, and the anguish written upon

it persuaded the constable that he had arrived just in the nick of time. "River air's bal at night for such as you." he said in a kinler voice. "Now you go straight home like a good woman. I'll see you safe off the bridge. You can go from which end you like, but if you stay here any longer,

well, I must run you in." She clasped her hands, "I am mad?" she cried in piteous, imploring tones. "Can't you see I am mad! Take me and put me where mad people are sent to."

Strange as a confession of insanity seemed, the puzzled policeman was bound to take her at her word, the more so because she would not or could not give any account of herself, or name any place of residence. So she was led away a docile captive, and spent the rest of the night, or rather morning, under detention. Mad or not, she believed her work was

now done; believed that she would be bestowed where her mistress would never find her, never hear of her. Mad or not, her one concentrated aim was to keep the secret of the way in which Maurice Hervey died. If mad, the poor wretch's cunning had all but supplied the place of reason.

All but, for as usual it had forgotten one

important thing. Unless Beatrice was informed of her husband's death, unless that death were proved beyond a doubt, Sarah Miller's crime would be useless and her sacrifice futile.

## [Conclusion next we'k.]

Bucklin's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruntions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satper box. For sale by Lutz & Briggs.

A terrible tragedy occured near Leaf River, Ogle county, last Monday, the re-sult of a violent temper. The belt connectthresher. The victim was horribly lacer-She ate her bread, and then somewhat ated and almost instantly killed. The strengthened again began her pilgrimage murderer made his escape, but officers are after him.

#### A Wonderful Discovery.

Consumptives and all who suffer from any affection of the throat and lungs can find Consumption. Thousands of permanent cures verify the truth of this statement. No medicine can show such a record of wonderful cures. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers

Some of the Earlville farmers are begining to wake up to the fact that they have take her see in the train, able to exult that very carelessly allowed the hunters to kill off the wild game which they raise on their their best friends, such as prairie chickens, The train left Munich, and as it steamed quails, ducks, pigeons, and black birds, economy, if nothing else think they fore she removed the somber covering from should protect their game and have pledged her white worn face. As the train hurried themselves in accordance, and are forbiding on the wheels within her brain whirled hunting or trapping with dog, gun or net

## Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich Electric Bitters, and is so much improved that Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed

for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at Lutz & Briggs'.

Morris Herald: James Jenks, who last week was brought from Ottawa where he was discharged on a writ of habeas corpus, For all she knew, that journey might have having been taken there from Kendall counlasted months or years. Periods of time ty, and there arrested and brought to this meant nothing to her now. Eternity, not city, was on Tues lay taken before Justice Gifford on a change of venue from Justice Woodbury, and had a preliminary hearing on the charge of stealing corn of Mr Tomas incoherent dream. All she knew or care i to of the town of Aux Sable. He was comitted to jail in default of bail, to await the action of the grand jury in November. Jenkins is one of the gang who had comjourney. Then she roused herself and made mitted several despredations round about Minooka last Juue.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, files, ants, beilings.

Heart Pains. Paipitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indiges-tion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." "Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick com-olete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions. "Buchu-Paiba." Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urin-ary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Biddder. \$1, Drugglats.

Bed-Bugs, Flies. Flies, reaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, thipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

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Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhea, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuraigia, rheumatism. 2cc. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c. Mothers,

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, us. Wells' Health Renewer." \$1. Druggists. Life Preserver. If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health kenewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles." Cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, Itching, Protruding, Bleeding, Internal or other. Internal and External Remedo in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggista. Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't "Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains. "Rough on Catarrh." Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases, also unequaled as gargle for Diph-theria, Sore Throat, Foul Breath. Sec.

The Hope of the Nation. Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and lelicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder. Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and rinary complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." \$1. "Water Bugs, Roaches."

"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also Beetles, Ants. We want 1000 more BOOK AGENTS for the Persons U. S. GRAN

FORSHEE & McMAKIN,